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Congratulatory

P O E M

TO HER MOST

Sacred Majesty,

delivered

UNIVERSAL HOPES

OF ALL

Loyal Persons,

FOR A

PRINCE of WALES.

By *ms.* A. B. EHN.

Edinburgh, Re-Printed by the Heir of Andrew Anderson, Printer to the
King's most Sacred Majesty, *Anno Dom.* 1688.

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TO HER MOST

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Licensed

February 2nd 1688
OF ALL

Royal Station

PRINCE of WALES

By Mr. A. BERN.

483-61

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Congratulatory POEM to Her most Sacred Majesty, &c.

THE Mighty BLESSING is at last arriv'd ;
 Heaven has, at last, the Wondrous WORK at-
 Long did th Almighty pause, & long debate; (chief'd.
 For Monarchs are not fashio'n'd at a Heav.
 So the first Nations, that were blest'd by Heaven,
 Had the Eternal VVORD by Promise given,
 The Faithful did the Coming God believe;
 And ev'n that Faith alone had Power to save.

If Gods we may with Humane Things compare,
 (For Gods and Kings ally'd most nearly are)
 This is the second Birth the world e'er knew,
 So long Expected, so much VVanted too.

Like the first sacred Infant, this will come
 VVith Promise laden from the Blessed VVomb,
 To call the wand'ring scattered Nations home.

Adoring

Adoring Princes shall arrive from far,
Inform'd by Angels, guided by the star,
The New-born Wonder to behold, and greet;
And Kings shall offer Incense at his Feet.

Hail Royal Boy, whose Coming is design'd
To calm the Murmurs of all Humane Kind,
On thy great Birth, Depending Monarchs wait
From thee the Universe expects its Fate.
This glorious Prospect, like the sacred Law,
Stints factious Crouds, and keeps the World in awe
Breaks their consulted Measures, and oerthrows
All the Designs aspiring States propose;
Arrests the World, in spite of Fortune's Hand,
And leaves the World's vast Business at a stand.
And you bless'd Queen, to whom all Hail belongs,
From Angels, rather than from Mortal Tongues,
Whole Charms of Beauty, Wit and Vertue joyn'd
To make you second Bless'd with all our kind
Alas, if Angels have not taught the world to sing

O Sacred Vessel, fraught with England's Store;
 (A Prize more valu'd, Atlas never bore;
 Guard safe your Treasure to the wish'd for Shore.
 And you Immortal Pow'rs, who have begun
 Your Noblest Fabrick; let your Work go on:
 The Royal Youth with all those Charms adorn,
 The World adores in his bright Mother's Form:
 His Soul, by his Illustrious Sire's, compleat;
 All Hero, all Resolv'd, Divinely Great.

VVhere are ye, O ye once officious Nines,
 That on a Tivern so glorious, and sublime,
 Your Voices are not match'd to noblest Song?
 But, Oh! your Lutes are on the VVillets hung:
 Your lov'd BRITANIA listens now no more;
 Mars frights her from the soft Castalian Shore;
 Upon whose Banks, beneath your shades, each Day,
 The ravish'd Nymph, charm'd with your Numbers,
 But from your Groves the fickle Maid is gone, (lay
 And all your boasted Harmony's undone.
 But once more tune your Lutes and Voices high:

Your

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Your tenderest strain, and noblest Numbers;
Raise those dejected Eyes, in Sorrow dress'd:
And view the PROSPECT of the dawning East.

A young Apollo, rising from the Gloom,
Dress'd in his Fathers brightest Rays, shall come;
(Dispersing all the baneful Mists of Night)
And bless the Earth with New-Created LIGHT:
make all the Face of Nature sweet and gay.
Revive her Birth, and triumph o'er the Day.
Beneath his Feet Eternal Spring shall spread,
And blossom from the Lustre round his Head.
The fainting Muses shall a new inspire,
And from his Beams, kindle their useful Fire;
His Right Hand Crowns, his Left shall Laurels give
And POETS shall by Patron PRINCES live:
On all shall scatter Plenty, Joy and Peace,
Unite the V World, and make Dissention cease.

And you, Dread Monarch! neer to be confin'd
In any glorious Act you have design'd;

Who, likewise *Heaven*, need but decree alone,
And with the Thought, the mighty *Task* is done:

Who for a stubborn *Nation's* Glory toil,
And court her to be Great against her will.

When you esteem'd her worth your Royal Care,
You give her this last Blessing, of an *HEIR*.

O happy *KING* ! to whom a Son is born !

What more can *Fortune*, *Heaven*, and *You* perform ?

Behold, with Joy three prostrate *Nations* come:

ALBION, *HIBERNIA* and old *CALEDON*

Now join their *Interests*, and no more dispute,

With sawcy Murmurs, who is *Absolute* ;

Since, from the wonders of your Life, 'tis plain,

You will, you shall, you must for ever Reign.

F I N I S .